The Tragedy of Othello *the Moore of* Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Roderigo*.

Roderigo.

TVſh, neuer tell me, I take it much vnkindly
That you *Iago*, who has had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhould'ſt know of this.
Iag. S'blood, but you will not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abhorre me.
Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three great ones of the Citty
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Leiutenant,
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place.
But he, as louing his owne pride and purpoſes,
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
And in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators: for certes, ſayes he,
I haue already choſen my officer, and what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetition,
One *Michael Caſſio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt dambd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the deuiſion of a Battell knowes,